

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

NUMBER 14.

BENJAMIN B. FRENCH.



Was born in Chester, Rockingham county, New Hampshire, on the 4th day of September, 1800. He was the son of Daniel and Mercy French. His mother's maiden name was Brown. She was the daughter of Benjamin Brown of Chester, and sister of Francis Brown, an eminent divine, who at the time of his death, in 1821, was president of Dartmouth college.

Mr. French was the only child of his mother, who died when he was eighteen months old. His father was a lawyer, of high standing, and was for several years attorney-general of the state of New Hampshire.

The subject of this biography received a good common school and academic education, and it was the earnest desire of his father, and friends, that he should enter college, which he declined to do. And although it was the intention of his father that he should be educated for the bar, Benjamin, having a taste for mechanics, opposed this intention, with a view of being either a mechanic or a mariner; and so much was his heart set upon one or other of these employments for a livelihood

that in 1819, he went to Boston, with a view of going to sea. Disappointed in obtaining a berth on board a ship, he enlisted as a soldier in the army of the United States, and was stationed at Fort Warren, on Governor's island, in the harbor of Boston, with a detachment of the eighth regiment of infantry. He was, soon after enlisting, appointed a sergeant, and performed his duty faithfully, for about four months, when, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, who provided a substitute, he left the army on the 12th day of September, 1819.

He then returned to his father's, and, although contrary to his own inclination, commenced the study of the law, which he pursued with diligence, for five years, that being the time fixed by the bar rules of New Hampshire.

At the February term, of the court of common pleas, for the county of Rockingham, held at Portsmouth, in 1825, Mr. French was admitted an attorney at law; and in the month of March following, commenced the practice, at Hookset, in the county of Merrimack, from whence, in September, he removed to Sutton. Having married Elizabeth

S. Richardson, daughter of the Hon. William M. Richardson, chief justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire, he may be said to have commenced the business portion of his life upon his own responsibility, in Sutton, where he fairly settled down, at law and housekeeping, in November, 1825.

Mr. French entered immediately into full practice, and with his industry and natural business tact, would probably, have taken a very respectable place at the bar, had he continued in his profession. He was elected assistant clerk of the senate of New Hampshire, in June, 1826, to which office he was twice re-elected.

In September, 1827, he removed to Newport, in the county of Sullivan, and was immediately appointed clerk of the superior court and court of common pleas of that county, the duties of which offices he discharged, acceptably to every one, until the winter of 1833—4.

In 1831, Mr. French was elected a representative from the town of Newport, in his native state, and was re-elected for the two succeeding years.—In the legislature, he took a high stand, not only as a party leader, but as a legislator. He was placed upon important committees, as their chairman, and was, in 1833, a member of the joint committee of the legislature, appointed to repair to Boston, and invite Gen. Jackson, then on his presidential tour, to visit the New Hampshire legislature. For three years of the time Mr. French resided at Newport, he was the editor of the New Hampshire Spectator, a popular democratic paper; and we have only to say, as evidence of the manner in which he conducted it, that its subscription list more than doubled while it was under his control. It was afterwards united with the New Hampshire Argus, and edited by Hon. Edmund Burke, and is still published at Newport.

In December, 1833, Walter S. Franklin, clerk of the house of representatives of the United States, appointed Major French* an assistant clerk in his office; upon being notified of which he repaired to Washington, and, on the 28th day of December, 1833, entered upon its duties. He soon after resigned his clerkships in New Hampshire, and removing his family to Washington, became a permanent resident of that city.

As an assistant clerk, he soon became popular with the house, and useful as an officer. He held the situation of chief clerk of the office under Mr.

* Mr. French held a major's commission in the New Hampshire militia, and he is so generally addressed by that title, that we assume it.

Garland, and Col. McNulty, and when the latter left the office of clerk of the house, on the 18th of January, 1845, Major French was unanimously elected to that high and responsible office. He performed the duties of the office so entirely to the satisfaction of the house, that at the opening of the 29th congress he was *unanimously* re-elected.— Since that time he has continued to discharge the laborious duties of the clerkship of the house of representatives in a manner that has won for him the reputation of being one of the best if not the best clerk the house ever had. He has qualifications which fit him peculiarly and eminently for the station.

It is known that the construction of the hall of the house renders it exceedingly difficult for most men to be heard, in reading or speaking in it, except by those in their immediate neighborhood.— Mr. French's voice, though not strong, is clear, penetrating and firm; and when reading at the clerk's desk, every word he utters is conveyed distinctly to all parts of the hall. He has an acquaintance with the rules of the house, and with parliamentary law generally, probably unequalled by any other person in the country—and a memory so retentive that he can refer to decisions and precedents, bearing upon every case that arises, with a promptness and accuracy perfectly astonishing.— The writer of this has frequently, as a matter of curiosity, taken up points of difficulty in the construction of rules, and thrown them before Maj. French, in the midst of duties at the desk requiring his attention, and has never found him at fault—he being *always* ready to say when, by whom, and how the point had been decided. In addition to his superior fitness for the office, Mr. French's equable temper and obliging disposition have made him quite a favorite with each successive house with which he has been connected, and he accordingly possesses a high degree of personal popularity. He is a decided democrat in his political principles; but the strict integrity and impartiality of his official conduct has won for him the respect, esteem, and entire confidence of all parties in the house.

As an indication of his indefatigable industry, as well as the extent to which his business talent is appreciated, it may be mentioned here, that he is, at this time, clerk of the house of representatives of the United States—an alderman of the city of Washington—grand master of the Masons of the District of Columbia—and president of the Washington and New York Magnetic Telegraph company. Yet such is the extraordinary energy and capability of the man, that he discharges the multifarious duties of all these offices as fully and as faithfully as though he devoted his whole time and attention to each. Amid all his business engagements, in the fulfilment of which no man is more prompt or scrupulous, he found abundant leisure to deliver scientific lectures—to write highly finished articles for the best magazines, and other literary, political, and scientific periodicals—to indulge his fancy for field sports—to conduct, with great regularity, a very extensive correspondence—and to "cultivate the muses," of which "gentle companion of mine" we think he is no ordinary favorite.

Although he has been, for some years, a resident of Washington, he retains a deep and ardent love for New England, of which time does not seem, in any degree, to abate the fervency.

As a man, Maj. French is liberal, generous, and

charitable, with a moral character above reproach. As a citizen, he is public spirited and exemplary. As a friend, warm hearted, reliable, and zealous. In all the relations of life—as a man—citizen—public officer—he has been distinguished for the scrupulous discharge of his whole duty, and inflexible fidelity to the numerous trusts committed to his charge.

TALES.

THE LOST GLOVE :

Or, the Lady's Dressing Maid,

BY MISS M. V. A. FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE girl was sitting in the September sunshine that fell in checkered gleams across the old wooden steps in front of a decayed and tottering building in one of the by-streets of the Empire city. The sunlight seemed like a pleasant visitor, as it crept from her little naked feet and ragged dress, up over her dimpled arms and shoulders, and nestled amid the shining curls, hanging in disheveled profusion around her sweet and childish face. But as it grew more inquisitive, and stole under her drooping lids to discover the color of her downcast eyes, it betrayed two bright, but sorrowful looking tears, just creeping down the edge of those silken lashes.

Just at this moment a young man, who was passing by, stopped short in his hasty walk, to gaze for a moment on the sunshine, the tears, and the beautiful little creature before him. He was a poet and a painter, and struck by the exquisite grace and beauty of her face and attitude, perfect in their unconscious and unstudied loveliness, he sought to impress the image upon his memory.

"What a glorious picture I have stumbled on," said he; "I must have that picture—tears, sunshine, and all. It will win me fame." The little maiden threw up the lashes, glittering with moisture, and perceiving a stranger, with an artless but sad smile, held out her hand, and said:

"Please, sir, just a sixpence for my mother."

The stranger looked at the little, pleading hand, and forgot the beautiful face. It was just such a hand as he had dreamed of, and sought after, but had never before found. Even though belonging to a child, its tiny proportions were most exquisitely developed—rounded, dimpled, tapering, and perfect! In the rapture of an artist's joy, the young man caught the little hand in his, and pressed it to his lips. The child looked surprised and frightened, but she said meekly,

"Only a sixpence, sir," in her childish, musical voice.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the artist, for the first time comprehending what she said, and emptying a handful of dimes in her lap.

"O, thank you!" said she, her large blue eyes darkening with a flash of delight; you are very kind, sir."

"I should like to paint your portrait, pretty one, and I will give you as much more money, if when I come for you to-morrow, you will go home with me, and let me take your likeness."

"What is that?" asked the wondering child.

"O, I will show you to-morrow—something very pretty."

"Well, I will go, sir, if mamma will let me."

The artist, all enthusiasm at his precious discovery, stepped gaily down the street, and the little girl bounded away in the opposite direction, to buy a loaf of bread for her sick mother.

"See here, Mr. Baker!" said she, joyfully springing into a little bakery where a hard featured man stood behind the counter—"I may have the bread now, for mother—mayn't I?" and she held out her little hand, grasping tight the shining pieces of silver.

"Eh! where did you get that, little girl? Of course you can have the bread, when you can pay for it."

"Given it to me, sir."

"Humph! on account of your bright eyes, I suppose. Catch me giving bread, or money either to folks, because they are pretty;" and laying out a loaf of bread, he took one of her dimes in exchange.

"O," exclaimed the child, her eyes falling on a few oranges ranged in the window, "I'll take an orange, too—it will please mother so."

Another dime was taken; and with the loaf of bread and the orange, she flew back to her comfortless and destitute home.

"See here, mother, what I have brought you!" she exclaimed, gaily bounding into the wretched apartment; but she stopped short and letting fall her treasures, sprang to the bedside, where, pale and motionless a woman lay dying, alone and unattended.

The ashy lids were closed over her sunken eyes, her colorless lips were parted, and the breath came slow and struggling from her scarcely heaving bosom.

"My mother, my poor mother!" shrieked the child, winding her arms around the emaciated form of her parent, and covering her cold, clammy brow with kisses.

"My child," said the mother, faintly—"I am dying, my Stella."

"O, mother!" sobbed the little girl. And these two words, and the tone in which they were uttered coming, as they did, from the heart of a child, were fraught with an agony of grief and suffering.

"Stella," continued the dying woman—"this ring (with a strong effort taking it from her finger, and giving it to the child,) keep it always—never, never part with it; it may sometime bring you friends, Stella—God bless thee, my poor orphan," and clasping her child convulsively to her bosom, she heaved a deep sigh, and fell back upon her pillow—dead.

All that night the little girl sat alone on the wooden steps, now drying her tears to look up at the sweet, bright stars, where she thought her mother had gone, and again sobbing and wailing most touchingly, till just as the rosy tint of dawn crept over the great city, from mere exhaustion, she fell asleep on her hard pillow.

That day the artist did not come. An affair of importance called him from the city a couple of weeks, and when he returned, still full of the thought of the little maiden, he went to look for her—she was gone and the old house was untenanted.

A month afterwards he sailed for glorious Italy.

CHAPTER II.

Eight years after this occurrence, on a pleasant evening of October, soon after sunset, a gentleman

was promenading through Broadway. Just in advance of him, tripping gracefully over the pave, was a young girl, of light and elegant form in a tasteful, but rather plain dress, and close cottage hat. He was admiring her graceful and gliding step, when he suddenly paused. She had dropped one of her gloves. He picked it up. It was a dainty little creation of white kid, just the least bit in the world soiled by contact with the pavement.

"Exquisite!" muttered he, hurrying after the airy loser, with the commendable intention of returning it, and, perhaps, making the acquaintance of a lady who wore *such* a glove.

But he was a moment too late; for just as he was overtaking her, she turned suddenly and mounted the steps of an elegant dwelling. Balancing her pretty feet on the edge of the marble door-sill, she stood for half a moment with her hand on the polished knob. The hand was ungloved, white as snow, and beautiful as it could be. She opened the door without ringing the bell, and disappeared in the hall. Of course she resided there.

The gentleman placed the little glove in his pocket, took down the number of the residence, and walked away.

It was twilight when he reached his lodgings; and going immediately to his room, he threw himself into a reverie, from which he was awakened by the presence of a visitor, whose unceremonious entrance put to flight a whole cloud of angels in white kid gloves, and little mortal hands, without them.

"Why, I say Ernest, how do you do? don't you hear me?"

"Is it possible! I beg your pardon my old chum Hal—, how are you?" exclaimed the dreamer, springing from his chair, and shaking his friend most sensibly by the hand. "Why, how you have changed; eight years have improved you vastly, I must confess."

"I can return the compliment, with interest," replied Hal, gazing admiringly upon his friend's elegant form and strikingly handsome and intellectual countenance. "European polish has done much even for you. But how have you fared?—how succeeded? have you realized half your young dreams of glory? has the artist been as successful as the poet? for we have occasionally been favored here with some of your luxurious fancies, done up admirably in beautiful verse."

"I fear you flatter me, Hal; but with regard to my painting, I have been almost as successful as I could wish—that is, for one who pursues it merely for his own amusement."

"Quite an accomplished amateur, eh?"

The two friends sat down to converse upon old times, and the happy present, and the promising future.

Ernest Dunmore had indeed not spent eight years in travel, in cultivating his fine tastes and intellectual gifts, without returning to his country an exceedingly refined and fascinating man.

"By the way, Hal," said he, suddenly interrupting his friend in a glowing description of his anticipations of the future, "can you tell me what young lady resides at No. — Broadway?"

"Why, Isidore Allen, our city belle. Have you seen her? She is a beautiful creature—bewitches all of us. And that just reminds me that I came with a pressing invitation from the Bentleys for you to attend a grand party there to night. Miss Allen will of course be there."

"Then I shall, certainly!" was the animated reply.

"Why, Ernest, you must have seen this paragon of beauty. In love so soon, after resisting all the bright eyes and bewildering smiles of foreign perfection for eight years!"

"Indeed, you are mistaken, I am not certain that I have seen this belle of yours, at least, I have never seen her face."

"Well, you shall see her to-night. The ladies have heard of your arrival, and are on tiptoe to behold the wonderful Mr. Dunmore, the poet, the painter, and the millionaire."

"How very flattering!" returned Ernest, smiling a quiet but perfectly satisfied smile, as he turned to the mirror to arrange his toilet for the evening. What gentleman, possessing grace, accomplishments, intellect, and the advantages of personal beauty, and great fortune, would not be a little inclined toward a pleasant feeling of vanity? None certainly—at least, not Mr. Ernest Dunmore.

It was late in the evening when Hal Hazleton and his friend entered the brilliant and crowded rooms of the Bentleys.

A lady was at the piano. It was Miss Allen, and the gentlemen edged through the throng, and reached the instrument just as the sweet voice of the belle was trembling on the concluding stanza. She was certainly a beautiful creature, just nineteen, with glorious dark eyes, sweeping lashes, an exquisitely turned mouth, and finely chiseled features—a graceful form, too; but her hand—a shade of disappointment darkened the fine face of Ernest, it was a very pretty hand, slender and tapering; but it was not *the* hand—it could not wear *such* a glove.

"A radiant creature! isn't she?" whispered Hal, as she rose from the piano.

"Very pretty," was the disappointed reply.

"Very pretty!" was the rather indignant ejaculation, "she is peerless, unequalled, divine!"

"But her hand!" At this moment the lady turned toward them, and Hal presented his friend Mr. Ernest Dunmore, and soon the two most distinguished personages present—the belle and the artist millionaire—were promenading through the brilliant assembly. Ernest found his bright companion really bewitching. She was witty, learned, brilliant, beautiful—he would certainly have been fascinated, had it not been for the little kid glove that was lying on his heart, and the perfect little hand he had seen on the door knob. As it was, his heart thrilled and palpitated slightly beneath its tiny treasure, and he colored twice, and stammered once—the accomplished Mr. Dunmore.

The belle was unusually charming. She thought she had made a decided and most agreeable conquest; she had quite a passion for paintings—Ernest would have a room prepared for the exhibition of his works to his friends by the day after to-morrow, and he would be happy to wait on her there, and hear her opinion; no doubt her criticisms would be of value. And they separated, mutually pleased with each other. Poor little glove what will be thy fate?

CHAPTER III.

Isidore Allen was slowly promenading through the exhibition room, leaning on the arm of Ernest Dunmore. He was more than ever enchanted by her grace, her fine taste, and her loveliness. She was very enthusiastic, and her observation showed

correct judgment and cultivated taste. Ernest sighed as he stole a glance at her hand—it certainly was not a perfect one—and thought of the glove so carefully laid—on his dressing table.

"This," said Ernest, as he threw aside the cloth which hung over a painting, "I consider my masterpiece."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" said Isidore, and the tears sprang uncalled into her dark, soft eyes, at the extreme loveliness of the picture. Ernest perceived them, and thought them the dearest tribute that could be paid to his powers as an artist.

It was a picture of a little girl, the sun-shine, and the old wooden steps. There was the childish, graceful attitude, the little pleading hand, extended so prettily, the dancing curls of gold, and the tearful fringes thrown up from her large, mournful, beautiful eyes, and over all, the rich, warm, glowing light, slumbering over the brightly sorrowful picture.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Isidore, after regarding it an instant; "It is the very likeness of Stella May, my pretty little dressing-maid. One would think it copied from her, just as she looked eight years ago, when mamma brought her home as my companion and assistant."

"Indeed!" said Ernest, while a flash of surprise and delight beamed over his face; "will you not tell me something of your Stella May?"

"With pleasure; for I look at her always in connection with some romance or another; she is so peculiar, such a strange being. I was only a child myself, when one day, mamma was visiting several poor people, to whom she frequently afforded assistance, when she noticed a little girl sitting in the doorway of an old building, weeping bitterly. She spoke to her kindly, but the little girl only raised her head a moment, and then sobbed more wildly than ever, 'My mother—my dear mother—they have buried my mother!' was all she could make her say. Touched by her grief, and anxious to know if she was left friendless, mamma entered the house, which she found entirely deserted and unfurnished. What little wretched furniture had remained, had been seized by the neighbors in payment for various little articles which they had sometimes given the woman before she died. The mother had been buried by the poor officers, and the child was left unprotected, homeless, and destitute. Mamma took the little sufferer into her carriage and brought her home. For days she refused all consolation, weeping all day and sighing all night, as if her young heart had broken with its grief. But we were all very kind to her, and she gradually became more contented; and when, at length, she smiled, or warbled to herself notes of music that she had heard, child as I was, I loved her for her beauty and sweetness. We knew there must be some unusual circumstances connected with her, for she had a ring engraved, on the inside, with her name, 'Stella May;' and then she was so naturally lady-like and refined, so tasteful and intelligent, it seemed as if the very spirit of grace breathed and lived in everything she said or did. Mamma congratulated herself on having found such a treasure of a companion for her daughter; and, as for me, Stella was my dependence—for she assisted me in all the tasks imposed upon my youthful patience by a dried and withered specimen of a governess.

Though three years the younger, she was more ready than I in every branch of study, which mamma allowed her to pursue, merely to gratify me. Music, of course, was not included. But for this she had such a passion, and seemed so utterly wrapped up in it, that I really felt grieved not to have her share in my lessons. She never said anything about it, but the tears would start in her eyes when I left her for the practice room; so, at length, I persuaded mamma to let her take lessons, too. And such a musical talent as she has, is really wonderful! she performs the most divinely on the harp of any one I ever heard!—Then she has such an exquisite taste in dress! I do not pretend to exercise the least judgment with regard to the arrangement of my wardrobe—she so far excels me in all such matters. Then she is so sensitive, so proud, yet so grateful for kindness! Really, she is quite a wonder of a dressing maid! I do believe, if she were to be brought out—despite the advantages of fortune—she would throw me quite into the shade!”

“That would be quite impossible, Miss Allen. But do you never introduce this fair wonder to your friends?”

“Ah, I see,” said the lady laughing, “you would like to get a glimpse at her rare beauty!—Very well—as you are an artist, and she looks so very much like this painting of yours, I will humor you, if possible. But she has too much native delicacy to ever yield to my solicitations to appear in the parlor, so I shall have to bring her here.—Mr. Hazleton will call for us to-morrow,” she said as that gentleman approached.

“Certainly; I shall only feel too much honored.” And the three continued on their way round the room.

CHAPTER IV.

“The next day, as the snowy fingers of Stella May were wreathing the dark hair of her mistress into the shining braids, Isidore said—“Would you not like to visit the exhibition-room of our new artist, this afternoon, Stella?”

“O yes, very much,” replied the young girl, “but—”

“Nay, Stella, you must go, just to oblige me.—There is a picture there that I admire very much, and I know you would love to see it.”

“Indeed, I cannot tell you how much I love everything beautiful—my harp, my flowers, and my own beautiful mistress,” said the young maiden in a trembling and slightly mournful voice: “but such things make me sad and unhappy, when I know I ought to be grateful and contented. But I will go if you wish me.”

How wildly the heart of Ernest Dunmore throbbed and palpitated when his eyes met those of Stella May. The brightest dream, the loveliest fancy, the sweetest vision of his poet's soul, looked on him, through those eyes—the one embodiment of all his heart had longed for, and not found—lived, breathed before him. The pure, girlish, spiritual brow—the deep dreamy, shadowy eyes—the sweet mouth, beautiful in its expression of subdued repose—the eloquent color, coming and going in her soul. There was a proud reserve mingled with the ineffable grace of her manner, that no princess could surpass. Ernest almost forgot to notice her hand, till she raised it to smooth back a truant curl that had stole from the confinement of her straw hat. It was *the* hand he had looked for

eight years. She wore but one glove. Where was its mate? Ernest smiled, and his heart gave a bound against the little white treasure that had again found its way to his vest pocket. And he had once held that beautiful hand in his—had pressed to his lips—would he ever clasp it again? For Ernest Dunmore was a proud millionaire, and Stella May was a dressing maid.

They passed first before the lovely picture of sunset—an Indian scene. Stella gazed at it with a flushed cheek and brightening eye.

“Do you love Italy?—would you like to visit it, Miss May?”

“I have dreamed of it often,” replied the young girl, raising her soft eyes innocently to her companion's face.

There was something peculiar in his earnest gaze, and the silken lashes drooped slowly toward the deepening color of her cheek. Isidore Allen observed the manner of both, and when Stella raised her eyes, she curled her full lip very slightly, but it called the crimson to that gentle brow, and a flash of pride to those deep, beautiful eyes. Isidore was sorry in a moment—she was usually so kind and considerate; but Ernest had excited her ambition, and she was jealous—of her dressing maid! But she knew Mr. Dunmore to be proud and fastidious, and the next moment she smiled at her own vain fears.

“And now for the picture I told you of Stella,” said Isidore, as the four passed in front of the veiled painting.

“Only a sixpence, please sir, to buy bread for my mother,” repeated Ernest, keeping his eyes fixed on the maiden's face as he drew aside the curtain.

Stella gazed at it a moment, and then up into the face of the artist, with a look of wondering inquiry; their eyes met, and Stella burst into tears. Perhaps it was this thoughtless and cruel reminding of what she had been—that so affected her.

“The artist was embarrassed. It was a delicate subject to make apologies for, and his friend Hal and Miss Allen both looked surprised; but he rallied and said frankly, “Forgive me, Miss May, if I have wounded your feelings. It was unintentional, and indeed, I am very happy to meet again the little girl, who you see I have never forgotten.”

“Then this is a portrait of our Stella, is it?” said Isidore, caressing the young girl, to remove her injured feelings.

“Let me return, Miss Allen; I do not feel well,” said she, in a low tone; and they retired.

That evening there was no company in the parlor, and Stella came down, at Isidore's request to play for her.

“O, that Mr. Dunmore could picture her thus lovely upon the canvas,” thought Isidore, as she watched her beautiful companion, who was leaning over the harp, lost in her own sweet melody. Her rounded arm gleamed out from its falling sleeve, like moulded snow, as the small fingers of that lovely hand swept over the quivering strings; like the shadow of a fluttering rose-leaf on a lily, the soft color hovered on her cheek, and her bright, spiritual eyes were cast upward with a dreamy, clear, forgetful look, as her bright lips trembled with the rich gush of music thrilling up from a soul full of beauty and melody.

The two maidens were both so absorbed that

they did not hear the ring of the door bell, nor notice the gentlemen who stood, hat in hand, just inside the parlor. It was Mr. Dunmore. He too, was charmed into silence, and stood mute and motionless till the last quiver of the harp died away, and Isidore, perceiving him exclaimed, laughingly:

“Spell-bound, Mr. Dunmore?”

Stella started and blushed crimson, and rising hastily, would have retreated from the apartment, but Ernest detained her by begging for another song. She recovered her self-possession immediately, and complied gracefully with his request.

The evening passed delightfully. Ernest was a man of rare accomplishments and inexhaustible sources of amusement and information. It was the first time Stella had ever met with such a person; books and her own high thoughts had been her only companions. It was no wonder then, that listening eagerly to every accent of his fine voice, and drinking in the enthusiasm of his dark, soul-lit eyes, she forgot herself, her circumstances, all the sadness of her life.

But she was doomed to a quick waking from her dream. Isidore saw it all, and displeasure flashed from her eyes as she perceived that she was rivaled by the sweet loveliness of the young orphan.

“Stella, you may retire now,” she said, quietly and stingingly.

The young girl's cheek grew deadly pale, but she arose with the proud dignity of a queen, and bidding Mr. Dunmore good evening, left the apartment.

A flush of indignation mounted the white forehead of Ernest, as she disappeared, and his manner became cold and constrained.

Isidore saw she had made a mis-step, had forgotten her position as a lady, and, for the first time in her life, felt humbled. She strove to be gay and brilliant, but she failed, and in a few moments her visitor left.

Who can tell the deep misery in the desolate orphan's heart, as she threw herself on her couch and strove to hush its wild throbbings? A cloud has ever cast its dim shadow on the happiness of that young heart, and now the cloud had burst in a wild storm of anguish that threatened to annihilate every flower of hope she had ever cherished. Sensitive to an extreme, proud and delicate, to be thus repulsed and scorned before him, and by the only one who had ever appreciated her since they bore her mother away to the pauper's burial place. Long after midnight she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Stella was ill. But she said nothing, though her head ached intensely and her face burnt with fever. Isidore's heart reproached her with her cruelty; but she knew that an apology would only deepen the wound, so she told her kindly that she might keep her room if she was not well. Solitude was grateful to the orphan's heart.

CHAPTER V

Three weeks passed away, and Ernest Dunmore had called but once on the belle. Hopeless, of ever winning his regard, she had renewed her flirtation with Hal Hazleton, for whom, perhaps, after all, she had the most affection, if he was not quite so *distingue*.

The Allens were all out to a brilliant bridal party. Stella had gone down to the deserted parlors, and seating herself by the splendid centre

table, buried her face in her hands. Ernest had just come in, though she did not know it. Half an hour passed by, and she still sat motionless, but by and by the words struggled up from her aching heart, broken and almost incoherently:

"And this is fate—my fate—while Isidore is so happy—cherished, loved, worshiped, even by him. O, I am utterly wretched—so very unhappy!"

"Would to be loved, cherished, worshiped, make you happy, dear Stella?" said a rich, manly voice in tones of thrilling tenderness, as an arm stole round her waist and lifted her to her feet.

"Ernest!" murmured the frightened girl, hiding her beautiful young face in his bosom.

"Stella! vision of my dreams! radiant spirit, love of mine! beautiful embodiment of all the poet or painter ever yearned for! I am thine—all thine!"

There was a hush through the lofty apartment, broken at last by a low sob, coming up from a heart too full of happiness.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful June morning, bright with sunlight and heavy with perfume where, occasionally, the air floated over a dewy garden in the midst of the close, populous city. There was a wedding at the church that morning, and it was crowded with the *elite*, drawn thither out of curiosity to get a glimpse of the bride of Ernest Dunmore, the millionaire. It was rumored he had chosen Miss Allen's dressing-maid to be the partner of his wealth and accomplishments. There were many smiles, some sneers, and still more wondering remarks. But they were all hushed when the bridal party entered and walked up the aisle. A suppressed murmur of admiration was all the sound, as every eye was riveted to the rare loveliness of the bride's young face. There was no bashfulness, no awkwardness to ridicule—only a beautiful timidity as softening and as graceful as the veil that floated round her, as she stood by the side of her betrothed before the altar. Isidore Allen and Hal Hazleton were their attendants.

The priest in his clerical robes, stood up and commenced the ceremony, when they, suddenly thought—who should give the bride away? At this important moment, a noble-looking man, still in the prime of life, stepped forward and gave away—his daughter! It was no time for explanation and the ceremony proceeded.

Stella May was the wife of Ernest Dunmore.

The bride and groom immediately changed places with their attendants, and the whole fashionable world stared in mute surprise as the good man pronounced Harry Hazleton and Isidore Allen husband and wife.

"My, daughter! God bless you my beautiful child! and may you be happy with your young heart's choice!" and the stranger folded Stella in his arms. Conviction that the stranger spoke the truth came intuitively to Stella, and she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her warm lips to his cheek.

"Stella!" said Ernest in surprise, "perhaps after all, this is a mistake!"

"Let this be the proof," said the stranger, taking a gold locket from his bosom, containing two miniatures—one, evidently a likeness of himself, the other the very counterpart of the bride.

"Your mother looked just as you do now, when I married her," said Mr. May, regarding his bright

daughter with eyes dim with tears. "But we parted in bitterness and both were proud; and when I repented and went to search for her, she had gone, none knew whether. I have at last learned her mournful fate; but I am happier than I have been for many years to-day, my daughter. Heaven bless those who have been kind to you," and he looked gratefully at Isidore, who whispered to her husband.

"I always knew that Stella May would have a romance."

"And so we must go south, first, and roam amid the orange flowers and myrtles around your father's romantic home, must we," said Ernest Dunmore as he handed his bride into the carriage, "and go to Italy afterward!"

"If he wishes it, Ernest. But, really, in the confusion I have dropped one of my gloves."

"O, never mind, dear," said Ernest, taking a little white glove out of his vest pocket and handing it to his wife with a very demure countenance "this will answer."

"The glove I lost last fall!" said the bride, with a look of wonder.

"Ahem!" said Ernest.

MISCELLANY.

A CURSED HOLE.

THERE was a man living in Newbury, Mass. a member of the church, by the name of Way. He was an eccentric character, and would on some occasion speak unadvisedly, yet was a very friendly man, and was held in general esteem. He was one who volunteered his services to bring up the goods of Rev. Mr. Powers upon the ice. It was so late in February, that in some places, especially where tributaries came in, the ice was thin and brittle. They, however, made their way without serious difficulty, until they came to the mouth of Ompompanoosuc, at the northeast part of Norwich, where Way's sled broke through, and had like to have gone down, sled, team, Way, and all. But by timely effort on the part of his travelling companions, they were all extricated. As soon as Way and his team reached firm footing, he turned round and surveyed the danger he had been in; and, as he saw the waters boiling and eddying with a frightful aspect, he said to his companions, "That is a cursed hole." When the party had arrived at Newbury, and they were relating the trials and danger of the way, some one mentioned what Mr. Way said of Ompompanoosuc. It was not long before this came to the ears of Mr. Powers, and he resolved to go, as he custom was in like cases, and have a conversation with Mr. Way, and admonish him, if he should be found to have been delinquent. He accordingly went and told Mr. Way that he had been told that he had been speaking unadvisedly and wickedly.

"What was it?" said Mr. Way.

"Why they say you said of Ompompanoosuc, that it was a cursed hole."

"Well it is a cursed hole," said Way. "I say it is a cursed hole, and I can prove it."

"O, no, you cannot," said Mr. Powers, "and you have done very wrong—you must repent."

"Why," said Way, "did not the Lord curse the earth for man's sin?"

"Yes," said Mr. Powers.

"Well," replied Way, "do you think that little *devilish* Ompompanoosuc was an exception?"

Mr. Powers turned away and exclaimed, "O, Mr. Way, Mr. Way, I stand in fear for you," and recording his *nolle prosequi*, departed.

PERSECUTION FOR NEW IDEAS.

HARVEY, who first discovered the circulation of the blood, was styled, "vagabond or quack," and prosecuted through life.

Ambrose Pare, in the time of Francis I. introduced the LIGATURE as a substitute for the painful mode of stanching the blood after the amputation of a limb—namely, by applying boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. He was, in consequence, persecuted with the most remorseless rancor by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of putting the life of man upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries.

Paracelsus introduced antimony as a valuable medicine; he was persecuted for the innovation, and the French parliament passed an act, making it penal to prescribe it; whereas it is now one of the most important medicines in daily use.

The Jesuits of Peru introduced into Protestant England the Peruvian bark (invaluable as a medicine,) but, being a remedy used by the Jesuits, the Protestant English at once rejected the drug as the invention of the devil.

In 1694, Dr. Greenvelt discovered the curative power of cantharides in dropsy. As soon as his cures began to be noised abroad, he was committed to Newgate by warrant of the President of the College of Physicians for prescribing cantharides internally.

Lady Montague first introduced into England small pox inoculation, having seen its success in Turkey in greatly mitigating that terrible disease. The faculty all rose in arms against its introduction, foretelling the most disastrous consequences; yet it was in a few years generally adopted by the most eminent members of the profession.

Jenner, who introduced the still greater discovery of vaccination, was treated with ridicule and contempt, persecuted and oppressed by the Royal College of Physicians; yet he subsequently received large pecuniary grants from government for the benefit he had conferred on his country, by making known his valuable discovery; and at the present time its observance is very properly enjoined by the whole medical profession and the legislature.

DEATH SCENES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MARY, Scotland's frail beauty, met the "gloomy king," with a degree of resolution not to be expected from her misfortunes, so numerous were they, and deserted by every friend except her dog.

Sir T. Moore remarked to the executioner, by whose hands he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak. "I pray you, friend, see me up safe," said he, "and for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

Chaucer breathed his last while composing a ballad. His last production was called "A ballad by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great pain."

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to remove him, and place him before a window, that he might look upon his garden, and gladden

his eyes with the sight of nature. How ardent an admirer he was of nature, is poetically told in "Zimmermann's Solitude."

Pope tells us he found Sir Godfrey Kneller (when he visited him a few days prior to his end) sitting up and forming plans for his monument. His vanity was conspicuous even in death.

"I could wish this tragic scene was over," said Quin the actor; "but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning over a book.

Warren has remarked that Chesterfield's good breeding only left him with death. "Give Drysdale a chair," said he to his valet, when that person was announced.

Bayle when dying, pointed to the place where his proof-sheet was deposited.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his hand when he was seized with the palsy, which put an end to his existence.

Bede died while in the act of dictating.

Roscommon, when expiring, quoted from his own translation of *Dies Irae*.

Haller, upon feeling of his pulse, said "the artery ceases to beat," and immediately died.

When the priest whom Alfieri had been prevailed on to see, came, he requested him to call tomorrow: "Death, I trust, will tarry four-and-twenty hours."

Nelson's last words were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor."

A FABLE.

THE sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had long been out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go; they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of the secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

"Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor."

"I fear thee not," replied the pen. "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the sword.

"And I perpetuate," answered the pen; "where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

IN the year 1776, when Governor George Clinton resided in Albany, there came a stranger to his house one cold winter morning, soon after the family had breakfasted. He was welcomed by the house hold, and hospitably entertained. A breakfast was ordered, and the governor, with his wife and daughter, who were sitting before the fire employed in knitting, entered into a conversation with him about the affairs of the country, which naturally led to the inquiry what function he performed. The caution and hesitancy with which the stranger replied, aroused the suspicion of the keen-sighted Clinton. He communicated his suspicion to his wife and daughter, who closely watched his every word and action. Unconscious of this, but finding that he had fallen among enemies, the stranger was seen to take something from his pocket and

swallow it. Madam Clinton, with the ready tact of the women of those troublous times, went quickly into the kitchen, ordered hot coffee to be immediately prepared, and added to it a strong dose of tartar emetic. The stranger, delighted with the smoking beverage, partook freely of it, and Madam Clinton soon had the satisfaction of seeing it produce the desired effect. True to Scripture, "out of his own mouth he was condemned;" a silver ball appeared, which, upon examination, was unscrewed, and found to contain an important letter from Sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne. The spy was tried, convicted and executed; and the ball, which owed its coming to light to the presence of mind of a woman, is still preserved in one of the museums of the United States.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

WE saw a funny spectacle the other day. A dozen omnibusses, with their live freight, were about starting on a Pic-Nic, when a young woman ran hastily up and said to a gentleman of the party who had just seated himself cozily by the side of a pretty girl:—

"Here, sir, I want to know what right you have to be going on pic-nics, and your wife and children at home?"

"Hush, Sophia," whispered the gentleman, hastily getting out of the omnibus, "hush, the people will hear you."

"Who cares if they do? Why didn't you think of the people, or of me, or your child, instead of running off to pic-nics with other woman?"

"Well—there—now—don't—"

"But I will, though. And as for you miss, if you ever dare to look at my husband again, I'll—"

"I did not look at him, ma'am" trembling replied the poor girl; "I thought he was a single man when he asked me to go on a pic-nic with him."

"So, you've begun your didoes, have you, my lark?" exclaimed the wife; "you've begun your didoes, have you? So, so—I'll give you a lesson which you'll remember—(taking him by the ears) now walk with me."

The poor fellow writhed and implored, but his better half kept her hold, and walked him off home, the laughter and jeers of the whole party ringing in his ears at every step. We wouldn't have stood in that poor fellows boots that day—no, not for the privilege of listening to the best sermon ever preached.—*Philadelphia paper.*

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A FEW evenings since we heard a young gentleman from Virginia deliver an eloquent address, in which he related the following thrilling incident. A young friend of his had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks he remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would his friend urge him to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion, he agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, and the bar-keeper said, "gentleman, what will you have?" "Wine, sir," was the reply. The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:—

"Now if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?" The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said, "*Set down that glass.*" It was set down, and they walked away without saying a word. O, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard. Now, if the question were put to every dealer as he asks for his license, and pays his money—"Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" how many would say, if the love of money did not rule, "Take back the license."

PRETTY GOOD.

A TRAVELLER after riding a long distance came to a tavern. He stopped, and directed the old lady in the bar-room, to have his horse put out and fed with four quarts of oats.

"I am sorry to inform you that we have no oats," said the old lady.

"Then give him some corn."

"We are out of corn."

"Well, my good lady, give him a little meal and some hay."

"Oh, sir, we have no meal, nor hay—out long ago."

"Will you let him stand in the yard, without anything?" inquired the disappointed traveller.

"Oh yes, sir, as long as he pleases."

"Now bring me a plate of steak and a cup of coffee, with a hot roll."

"Hot rolls!"—ho—ho—what sir—and coffee—steak! We are out 'am, all.

"Then bring me cold victuals," continued the traveller.

"There is nothing of the kind in our house, sir—don't keep 'em!"

"I should like a glass of brandy."

"Aint got any 'o that."

"Well now, my good lady," continued the traveller, "you don't appear to keep anything here."

"Yes we do, indeed!"

"What?"

"We keep tavern, sir."

That was a tavern, but "not an ultra one!"

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A MISSISSIPPI merchant named Ginn, advertises that he wishes it distinctly understood by those who hold paper with his name saddled upon it as an endorser, "that he bluffs the whole arrangement. Those who hold claims against him upon that footing, can turn the screws and grind on; and if they get the money before Ginn does, they can sing out."

GALLANTRY.

AT the age of ninety-seven, Fontenelle, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius passed before her to his place at table—

"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries! you pass before me without looking at me."

"Madame," said the old man, "if I looked at you, I could not have passed."

SMART BOY.

"HERE, Thomas—what part of speech is gingerbread?"

"An adjective, sir."

"How is it an adjective? Can't you see it? Can't you taste it?"

"No, sir, mother puts it on the high shelf and kivers it over with the meal bag so that I can't see it or taste it."

"But did you not smell it when it was taken out of the pan?"

"No, sir, I had setch a bad cold, I was all stuffed up."

"Stuffed up! so is a goose, you rascal. I tell you that it is a noun, and let me hear the scholar that dares to contradict me and I'll stick him up chimney and keep him there till to-morrow morning."

"What part of a speech is clock?"

"It is a verb, sir."

"How is it a verb?"

"Bekase it does something—it ticks and it strikes. A verb is a word that signifies, to do, to be, to suffer."

"I'll make you suffer, you rascal. Run home and tell your mother to whip you."

A SAILOR ON SHORE.

SOME days ago, a sailor belong to a man-of-war at Plymouth, had leave to go on shore, but having staid much longer than the allowed time, he received a severe reprimand at his return. Jack's reply was, that he was very sorry, but that he had taken a dilly (a kind of chase) for the purpose of making the utmost haste, but that the coachman could not give change for half a guinea, and he was therefore obliged to keep him driving fore and aft between Plymouth and dock, till he had drove the half-guinea out. Unfortunately for poor Jack, it so happened, that when the half guinea had been driven out, he was set down at the spot from whence he started, and had just as far to walk as though he had not been driven at all.

THE THREE GENERALS.

On the visitor's book at St. Helena, the following lines were inscribed, over the signature "Britisher:"

Boney was a gentleman! a soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did wop him at the field of Waterloo!

The next day an American visited the place, and wrote this reply immediately under them, over the signature of "A Yankee."

But braver, still, and better far, and tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington! a cove wot could have wopp'd 'em both together!

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Good morning, Doctor."

"Good morning, Sir; how do you feel to-day?"

"Oh! I'm recovering rapidly. Why, Doctor, my sickness wasn't as severe as a bad cold. How are your patients doing?"

"Very well, very well indeed; but I have two patients that I haven't decided whether they have yellow fever or *dengue*."

"What is the difference between these diseases, Doctor?"

"Fifty dollars, Sir."

"Pardon me, Doctor, I don't understand you."

"Why, we charge one hundred dollars for yellow fever and fifty for *dengue*."

"That's the difference, is it? Well, Doctor, I'll take a *dengue* bill."

"He! he! he! Can't do it, Sir. Your's was a positive case of the yellow—pain in the head—aching of the bones, accompanied by high fever. Can't do it, Sir, I assure you."—*N. O. Crescent.*

TWO OF THE SAME SORT.

A LEARNED clergyman of Maine was once accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education:

"Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former "that the Lord has opened my mouth without any learning."

"A similar event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

A BUTCHER about to kill a cow, employed Patrick to hold her. The butcher squinted, and when looking at the cow appeared to look at the man. Pat, fearing he should get knocked down instead of the cow, said, in much of a hurry. "Sure, man, do you strike where look?" "To be sure I do, where did you think I'd strike?" "Then you may howld the cow yourself, till I get out of the way jist."

"I SAY, Mr. Johnsing, did you hear 'bout de cataleby that befel Phillis?" "Ob course I didn't, w'at was it?" "You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist—well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put 'em on de bandbox, and it drawed her new pink bonnet all out ob shape, and spilt um entirely."

"KITTY, where's the frying pan?" "Johnny's got it, carting mud and clam shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow, what a genius he'll make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

"WHEN it freezes take care of your noses, that it doesn't get frozen, and wrap up your toes in warm woolen hose. The above we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows." "Whatever supposes that wrapping our *toeses* in warm woolen hoses, will keep off the roses that bloom on our *noses*, amid the cold snows, is the greatest of Josies."

A JUSTICE of the peace, on the other side of the river, wished to sell some land. The law required that his wife, before disposing of her right, should be examined before a justice of the peace as to her willingness, and our "squire" determined to save the fee by making the examination himself. He then certified under his seal of office that he had examined his wife "*seperate and apart from her husband!*"

BEFORE leaving Troy, King Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to win propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society, when we hear of some match-making parent, sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

PYTHAGORAS used to say, that those who reproved us were greater friends to us than those that flattered us; and another philosopher, that to become a happy man, one must have either faithful friends or severe enemies.

CURRAN said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter!" "Why?" said the priest. "Because then you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in." "I had better have the keys," said father O, "of another place, and then I could let you out!"

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE Lady's Book for April is before us, it contains many beautiful engravings with a variety of amusing and instructive matter. The First Cigar, by T. S. Arthur, is a very good lesson. We hope that all young gentlemen, who may be tempted in the manner that Harry was, will profit by his experience.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

"LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the Northwind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Late in the afternoon of Tuesday the 20th, two little sons of Mr. Hiram H. Poucher, were drowned in Underhill's pond.—It seems the younger brother advanced some distance on the ice when it gave way, Newton, the elder brother hastening to rescue him, caught his hand but being overcome by fatigue and fright, his few vigorous efforts were unavailing and both sank to rise no more! After the lapse of an hour their bodies were recovered by a number of friends of the bereaved family. This is indeed a mournful incident—two lovely children leave their home in the full enjoyment of health and happiness and return cold and lifeless—a heart rending scene for the agonized parents. We refer our readers to the poem on our last page by our much prized correspondent, Mrs. Brocksbank.

LOST AT SEA.

By the arrival at New-York on Saturday, last of the bark Agnes, Capt. Gerard of that City from Rio Janeiro, we learn the sad intelligence of the loss of Robert Ten Eyck, from this city, who fell overboard on the 2d inst. Every exertion was made to save him, but all in vain, he sank before any assistance could reach him. Mr. Ten Eyck was a young man much beloved by all his relatives and friends. He has left a widowed Mother, to mourn the loss of a kind and dutiful son.

You weep fond Mother's, alas! tears cannot drown
Your sorrows, as the waters those ye mourn

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Miss J. R. New Lebanon Springs, N. Y. \$5.00; J. W. Ithaca, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 21th inst. by Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. Peter Hagedon to Miss Julia Ann Byce, both of Claverack.

On the 22d ult. by Rev. J. Boyd, Mr. George R. Straat, of Red Hook, to Miss Caroline Chum, of Clermont.

In Harsimus, on the 16th inst. by Rev. Mr. Taylor of Harsimus, Andrew J. Bixby, N. Y. City, to Frances A. Whitlock of Harsimus, N. J.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 23d inst. George W. Taylor, Printer, in his 27th year.

Of Cholera, at Matamoras, Mexico, on the 9th of March inst. Mr. Edwin McKinstry, Merchant of that place, aged about 40 years youngest son of Gen. Charles McKinstry, late of Hillsdale, in this county. The deceased left a wife residing in New Orleans, to mourn his loss.

In Nantucket, on the 12th inst. Miss Eunice Swain, aged 70.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

BLIGHTED BUDS.

BY MRS. LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

I SAW AN open grave: upon its brink
A little coffin lay—not long, but wide;—
As if prepared to cradle more than one
Of Death's infant sleepers.

Around the grave
With thoughtful mien, sad eye, and guarded step,
A group of children stand. One lightly trends
Upon the yielding soil, and bending o'er
The crumbling verge—peeps timidly within;
Another, measures with his eye, perchance,
Some little brother's form, and with a tear
The open coffin scans. Each voice is hushed—
No joyous laugh rings on the ambient air;—
No sportive glance—no answering smile, betrays
A thoughtless heart. Sorrow has touched a chord
Within each tender breast;—young eyes can weep,
And little hearts can mourn, that never knew
A care.

Hark! a silver sound is heard afar—;
Solemn and sad,—— a mournful cadence to
The bleeding heart. It is the funeral knell,
—"The tomb's prelude melody."

With slow,
And measured pace now comes the funeral train;—
—Youthful bearers, sable hearse, and weeping
Kindred band, in solemn silence move along
The trodden highway through the city of
The sleeping dead.

The mourners close around
As from the open grave, the little group
Withdraw, peering with speechless awe within
The curtained vehicle of Death, as from
The sable folds the polished coffin moves
Towards the waiting grave.

Gaze;—ye who will,
Before the veil is drawn forever between
The dead, and thee. Behold those little ones
Clad in the robes of death! how calmly rest
The snowy folds above those pulseless hearts!—
The rose has left the cheek;—the pallid brow
Is damp with dew of death. Around the lips
A smile still lingers, as if an angel
With voice of love had beckoned them away.
Bright flowers, too!—(fair emblems of the dead,)
So sweetly grace the shroud;—how meekly they
Their charms resign to the destroyer's hand—
Content to wither e'er they bloom:—lovely
'Neath the pall.

Yes:—like those budding flowers that
Tarried not for Autumn's chilly winds or
Winter's frosty breath to steal the bloom of
Beauty, and one by one, each grace purloin
'Till withered on a blighted stalk—unloved,
To live;—unmourned, perchance, to die.

They died
In beauty's bloom;—joyous with life and love—
No care, no bitter grief, or anguish deep
Their tender hearts had torn;—They were not doomed
To drain the dregs from life's unsavory cup;
Or with loved ones to bear the pang of parting.
With footsteps light, and lighter hearts they sped
In search of pleasure to the water's brink—
Those little brothers hand in hand, now tempt
The treacherous ice. No father's form is near
Their reckless feet to stay;—no mother's voice
In accents loved, now bids them to beware.
—Alas! that mother's heart perchance is light
E'en now with hope and joy—nor feels one thrill
Premonitory of her darlings' doom.
Hark!—a crash!—the brittle surface yields—one
Plunge!—one shriek!—those little outstretched arms
Must seek for aid in vain. Ah! no—within
The brother's breast love warms a hero's heart.

He braves the fearful ice!—his hand is given;—
But, ah!—the manly soul, weighs down the tiny
Frame—beneath his feet the ice gives way—clasped
In a drowning brother's arms, he sinks, to
Rise no more!

Picture the anguish of a
Tender mother's soul. Ye who can portray
The grief of a fond father's heart. First, love
As parents love, then mourn as parents mourn.

Now all is o'er. The heavy sod is pressed
Upon the covered grave—the bell has ceased
Its plaintive tolling. The evening shadows
Close around the living and the dead.

Loved
Ones are pressed to thankful hearts, with blessings
Low, but deep. None, save the God-defying, care
To close the weary eye, without at least
A silent prayer, for keeping, from on high.
But upon the "mourners'" grief no careless voice
Intrudes. Sacred to sorrow, which heaven alone
Can soothe, remains their lonely altar. The
Eye of earthly love sees death in every
Shadow;—but the eye of faith peers through the
Gloom—beyond the tomb's dark portals; and a
Voice breathes like a balm upon the bleeding
Heart,—"Suffer thy little ones to come to
Me"—weep not:—thy Father "doeth all things well."
Hudson, March, 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

REMINISCENCE.

PSALM, CXXIV.

BY ISAAC COBB.

By Babylon's waters in silence reclining,
We wept when of Zion we thought,
And our harp's on the willows we hung;
For to deepen our sorrow our captors combining,
Demanded a song that we brought
From the land where in gladness we sung.

Alas! so remote from the sycamore bowers,
Affliction and weariness met,
How sadly would echo the lay!
In the midst of adversity's languishing hours,
If Salem my home I forget,
Let my hand lose its cunning for aye!

Unless I remember Jerusalem ever,
And sigh when I think of her woes,
Preferring her over my joy,
My tongue; let it cleave to my mouth so that never,
The glory that Babylon shows,
In singing my voice may employ.
Gorham, Maine, 1849,

From the Genesee Olio.

BE ACTIVE.

Be active—be active—
Find something to do,
In digging a clam-bank,
Or tapping a shoe,
Don't stop at the corners
To drag out the day;
Be active, be active,
And work while you may.

'Tis foolish to falter,
Or loiter in the street,
Or walk as if chain shot;
Were bound to your feet;
Be active, be active,
And do what you can,
'Tis industry only
That makes the man.

'Tis industry makes you;
Remember—be wise—
From sloth and from stupor
Awake and arise!
You'll live and be happy,
And never complain
Of the blues or the dumps,
Or a dull heavy brain.

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